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C0DA

by Michael Kirkbride

PAGE 1

PIC 1: FULL PAGE SPLASH. JUBAL-LUN-SUL (SEE ART REF LINK) LOOKING TO THE READER, BUT NOT BREAKING THE FOURTH WALL. HE IS SIMPLY SEEING SOMETHING WE'RE NOT, SOMETHING THAT'S BEHIND US. "SCROLLING" BEHIND HIM IS THE FOLLOWING TEXT.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Ald Sotha Below, 5E911

House Sul Progenitor House, duly noted under the digital house,

Whirling School Prefect Approved

Chronocule Delivery: souljewel count: 78888-00-00-00-000

TEXT CENTER (FONT REG)

My name is Jubal-lun-Sul, of House Sul, whose name is known and heard throughout the Scathing Bay and the Nine times Nine Thrones. Our lord is High Alma Jaroon, of House Jaroon, whose city is the First City of the New North, where all who Went Under from Landfall settled and made peace with the Worm, when we were not Eighty and One separate peoples but One, carrying the tibrols on our backs together and cutting tunnels by the light and heat that all mer wore, with equal dust in every mouth. My family's name comes from the first child born in the Velothiid, Haeko-dol-Sul, and, like him, we are salt merchants. Our crest is the tusk of the bat-tiger. Our bloodline is registered by C0DA.

The Digitals say we come from another star, but so many have forgotten. I have not, for my lineage granted me audience with Memory, and I have spoken with the Wheels of Lull. I have seen proof, as any who come Up during Landfall Season, when the winds die down enough Above that all may make pilgrimage under the banner of Vehk and Vehk. Though many Above have renounced Memory, they too remember.

PAGES 2-3

DOUBLE-PAGE SPLASH WITH INSET: VELOTHIID LANDSCAPE.

Description: We're beneath the surface of the moon, in a connected series of mighty caverns. A great city sprawls across it all— ghettoes cut into the rock, marketplaces gathered by every silvery lake, quartz-and-ruby temples rising up and out to protect the various tunnels that lead into and out of the caverns. Color washes up everywhere: red lamps, cultivated farms of glowing lichen and moss, and the signal lights of drifting sload-bag transports and vigilant wasp-riders. Throngs of hooded citizens huddle everywhere, occasionally holding up the palanquins of silk-laden merchants. Mechanical servitors float about, their torsos leaving trails of blue-white mathematical symbols.

This civilization stretches even across the ceilings, with gigantic stalactites serving as the houses of the nobility, dotted with lit windows and crest-banners, sporting pictures of strange beasts and Daedric scripture.

TEXT UPPER LEFT

Present day. Velothiid. **TEM designate: MORROWIND 2.**

Whirling School Prefect Approved

INSET 1: EXT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - "DAY"

On one of the stalactite manors, a larger one, sporting the crest-banner of a curved tusk. This is the House of Sul, and home to our protagonist. A lone figure watches the city below him from atop a balcony terrace.

TEXT CENTER INSET

Ald Sotha. Under-Manor of House Sul.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

My family has seen better days. I aim to reclaim them.

TEXT LOWER LEFT (FONT TITLE)

C0DA

PAGE 4

PIC 1: EXT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - "DAY"

Closer to that figure: Jubal-lun-Sul, a noble of thirty-some years, draped in a kimono adorned with stylized bat-tigers, his long grey hair unbraided. A small torch floats close to him. There is an archway on the terrace that leads to a dimly-lit room.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

That's a lie. I want more that just that. I want a very great thing for the whole of my people. Call it a messiah complex, if you must. I wouldn't unless you were recognized under C0DA, at least not out loud, but in all honesty I probably deserve it.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

But, then, salt merchants are given to them. It's in our blood.

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - EAST OBSERVATORY

Jubal and his torch walk by inside, through an "observatory"— really, a hall whose centerpiece is an orrery made of brass and jewel-wrought wire, its planets numbering 16.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

After all, the only thing that stopped the Worm was salt. They have an especial vulnerability to it. At least, they used to, but they adapt.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

But, then, the Worm always adapts. It's in their agenda.

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - EAST OBSERVATORY

Various scrying-mirrors line the room, their magic barely registering faded views of the tunnels that surround the city. Reaching from the ceiling are multi-jointed "telescopes" that we can assume lead up and out onto the lunar surface.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

They made these tunnels at first. Then we got here and did the rest. But we're not supposed to be here at all. At least that's what I keep telling myself.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

See, the thing about the Worm is that they can't go Up. But we can. We do. Make that: some of us do, the ones that are allowed.

PIC 4: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - EAST OBSERVATORY

Jubal stands before one the mirrors, lost in thought. Nearly indiscernible is a massive tunnel, a red lamp illuminating only a small portion of it.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

Everyone is allowed during **every** Landfall Season. Most of us decide not to, since it's more dangerous Up there than it is down here. But I **had** to go.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

I come from a very, very old family. The oldest families. The **progenitors.** One with **bells on,** too, I might add. The "first child born Under" and all of that. In other words, we've got **history.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

If I hadn't gone? The Digitals would've stuck their fingers into things. No one wants that. No one. That's probably why I have waited so long to have a child of my own.

PAGE 5

PIC 1: INT. VELOTHIID WORM TUNNEL - TIME INDETERMINATE

A worm tunnel, vast, its walls and floors riddled with "safety holes" for people to jump into if a Worm approaches. Three small figures are seen in the distance, two dunmeri males, one holding a red lamp, and a floating servitor.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Sanctioned Pilgrimage Tunnel, 5E892

88th Landfall

Worm Threat in Vicinity: Null. Tonal Architecture set to Theme: Operatic: Lullaby

Whirling School Prefect Approved

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

No child should have to see what's really Up there.

PIC 2: INT. VELOTHIID WORM TUNNEL - TIME INDETERMINATE

We can see the figures now: a younger Jubal, dressed for topside in robes, bonemold breastplate, goggles, open-faced helm. He holds the lamp, a long pole with a neon-red grub squirming on the end.

The other dunmer is Hlaalu Hir, similarly dressed, but his armor shows all the signs of money: amber lacquered edges, badges of station, a small front cape with the crest of his House: a set of scales.

The servitor is an ancient model: a grinning death's head of gold and lapis-lazuli eyes, and a vestigial spinal cord drawing a line in the dust of the tunnel floor.

HLAALU HIR

Just a **bit** more, Jubal, don't worry. Keep your **lamp** up.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

What for, muthsera? The Alma said the Worm wouldn't interfere, Hlaalu Hir.

HLAALU HIR

Don't be so **formal.** Anyways, it's more like it **can't.** I'm not worried about them.

HLAALU HIR (CONT'D)

And the **lamps** are for two things. Us to **see** and the tunnel racers to **stay away.** They don't like the **red.**

PIC 3: INT. VELOTHIID WORM TUNNEL - TIME INDETERMINATE

They're closer now, and caught in the red light of their lamp. Jubal looks sheepish or sick; Hir is smiling.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I don't like it, either. My head. It's swimming. Should I go second brain?

HLAALU HIR

Your boat, Jubal, **you** float it. I wouldn't, not this close to the surface. Lunar interference and all. Wouldn't want **secondary visions.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

What?

SERVITOR

QUIET/ET/ET/ET. OPEN/EN/EN/EN. **MEMORY SERVES.** MEMORY CLOSE/OSE/OSE/OSE.

PIC 4: INT. VELOTHIID WORM TUNNEL - TIME INDETERMINATE

Closer. Parts of the tunnel have switchboards embedded into them. The servitor is scanning them. Jubal and Hlaalu are wrapping their faces in breather scarves.

HLAALU HIR

We're here. Tokbox, ready the hatch. And stop **clicking,** it's annoying. Ready, Jubal?

SERVITOR

CAN'T HELP IT/IT/IT. WATCHMAKER ABOVE. **ON. THE. CLOCK.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

My fear was/is illusory. (Why am I talking like this?) **Ready,** muthsera, open the **hatch.** (No wonder the rest never come.) **Let me see.**

PAGES 6-7

DOUBLE-PAGE SPLASH: LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

They've left the tunnel and walked out onto the surface, dunes of red, sugary sand leading as far as the eye can see. Jubal and Hir stare into the sky. It is a vision of apocalypse.

A smaller, silver moon sits to the upper left, orbiting a shattered planet.

The planet Nirn. "Earth." Cracked open like an asteroid field still held into spherical shape by forces unknown. The right side of the planet moves from rock and fire to ghostly cosmic clockworks. The planet has a "skeleton" inside it, an interlocking system of gears and pistons and wheels, half-here, half-not, overlaid with a nebula of mathematical equations that we can't understand.

TEXT UPPER LEFT

The Wheel As IS. **TEM designate: NIRN.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Is..?

HLAALU HIR

Yeah, it is. Pretty, right? The Wheels of Lull, the other star, et cetera and all that, **Nirn,** where we **came from.** Take a **good look** because we're not coming back.

SERVITOR

CLOCK.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

And I'm supposed to ask it a **question?**

PAGE 8

PIC 1: EXT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - "DAY"

Back in one of the great halls of House Sul, present day. Jubal and Hir are talking, walking towards a nearby tea room. They are dressed in vaguely military-like garb.

TEXT UPPER LEFT

Ald Sotha. Under-Manor of House Sul. Now.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

She said…

HLAALU HIR

Jubal, my velocipede is already vibrating. I have to be somewhere and it knows it. The labor unions have become worse than the mirror logicians used to be. Want this, get that, but hey, look, then **this** will happen. 'New North', my ass. You know the deal, so just tell me what she said.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Hir, listen. She said 'yes'. She's agreed to marry me.

HLAALU HIR

Wait…

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM

As servitors bring tea from a larger Samovar servitor, Jubal turns around, his excitement now unchecked.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

SHE SAID YES!!

HLAALU HIR

…?

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

SHE SAID YES!!

HLAALU HIR

This is the part where I'm supposed to hug—

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM

Jubal bear hugs his friend as tea-holding servitors float nearby trying not to look awkward.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

SHE SAID YES!!

HLAALU HIR

Three times makes it real, brother. Congratulations! But what business does a salt merchant's son have to offer the **High Alma —**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

THERE'S A BUT!

HLAALU HIR

Called it.

PAGE 9

PIC 1: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM

They both finally take their tea. Jubal's smile is almost unbearable.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Hir, House Sul marries into House Jaroon!

HLAALU HIR

I love you, Jubal, but castes are castes. Your family isn't a warrior designate, it's, well, it's **salt.** So I'm guessing—

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM

Jubal takes a seat at a giant table. Behind it falls the crest-banner of the the Tusk of the Bat-Tiger.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Yes, I must **hunt** something to prove my name!

HLAALU HIR

You're too excited, and I'm really sorry. But this is **Sacrifice Season,** Jubal. She's making you kill the **Worm,** isn't she?

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM

Hir has seated himself as well. The two friends talk to each across a ridiculous distance.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

What? No! My family already took care of them! That's partly why she said yes! It's all about what Memory picked me for!

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

I must hunt and kill a Numidium!

PAGE 10

PIC 1: FULL PAGE SPLASH.

The red sands of the moon. The wreckage of Nirn is eclipsed by the towering Numidium, a robot made of brass spikes, from head to toe, doing battle with the tiny various gods and heroes that oppose it. Some fly on strange beasts, some fly of their own accord, some use beam-weapons from a bygone age, others blast magic from their hands, eyes, or chests.

The Numidium is winning this battle, though. Easily. This should be obvious by all of the smoldering bodies that litter the area near its flaming feet.

HLAALU HIR (V.O. UPPER LEFT)

Is **that all?**

HLAALU HIR (V.O. CONT'D - LOWER RIGHT)

That's **never gone wrong.**

PAGE 11

PIC 1: EXT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "DAY"

Present day, wide shot, one of the bad parts of town. The buildings here are in disarray, some of them with upper floors that lean dangerously to the side. Beggars and nix-hounds play in the trash. In the center of it all is a mead hall or gentlemen's club of ill-repute.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Ald Sotha. The Corner Club. After the Audience.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (O.C.)

I think I need a **cat,** Hir.

HLAALU HIR (O.C.)

Seriously? Is this a **bat-tiger** thing?

PIC 2: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "DAY"

At least it's clean inside. Nobles rub shoulders with tunnel-scavengers. Servitors and demons bring drinks and scrib-meat platters to anyone that asks. There is a dead body sitting alone in a booth that everyone just ignores.

Jubal and Hir are seated at the best of the tables, their food somewhat better, with candles. A small statuette of a forgotten Khajiiti warrior is bolted into the center of the table, holding up a small bell.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

No. Don't bring my banner into this. Bat-tigers are—

HLAALU HIR

People see different things Upside. Let's do another round, maybe. Fuck the **cats.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Muthsera, **they** were here before **we** were. I need one of them. You own this Corner Club, so you know which kind I'm talking about.

PIC 3: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "DAY"

Hir taps the statuette's bell with a spoon.

SOUND FX: TING

HLAALU HIR

Fine. Okay. Fair enough. Speaking of secondary visions.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Just do it, Hir. Tell their khaj I will pay.

HLAALU HIR

On the **house** this time around. You got a fear of **needles?**

PIC 4: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "DAY"

A skinny khajiit approaches their table, carrying a large bag.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

…

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (cont'd)

Yes.

HLAALU HIR

Figured. **Pipe it is, then.**

PAGE 12

PIC 1: INT. VELOTHIID WORM TUNNEL - TIME INDETERMINATE

A worm tunnel. Different than before. Jubal and Hir, dressed in rags, in a circle of red lamps.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Is this tunnel sanctioned?

HLAALU HIR

Nope. You think I'm stupid, Jubal?

PIC 2: INT. VELOTHIID WORM TUNNEL - TIME INDETERMINATE

Jubal lights a long skooma-pipe and inhales.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Not at all.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

FNFFF

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

I think you're my friend.

HLAALU HIR

Nice. Take it **slow.** Let it hit when it wants to and not before. If you rush **skooma—**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

—"Bad moons in a big dream." I get it. Just.

PIC 3: INT. VELOTHIID WORM TUNNEL - TIME INDETERMINATE

Jubal exhales and holds a hand out toward a wall. His eyes are filled with dreams. His nose is bleeding.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Just.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Just. No **wonder** they **click.**

PIC 4: INT. VELOTHIID WORM TUNNEL - TIME INDETERMINATE

CLOSE UP. a small drop of blood falls onto Jubal's steadied hand.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Just **watch out for me.**

PAGE 13

PIC 1: FULL PAGE SPLASH.

*Moonside. The ghostly wheels inside the dead planet. The gears have **eyes** in them. Women's eyes. Women's eyes with **slits** for irises.*

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Watch.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT CENTER)

The Clock.

TEXT LOWER RIGHT (FONT DIFF)

It's ticking. Always always ticking.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

No. It's **clicking.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Easy enough to mistake.

PAGE 14

PIC 1: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

A sprawling, multi-leveled market, similar in style to the Hanging Gardens. Jubal and Hir are wearing their robes of nobility. It makes most of the other dunmer scatter out of their way.

Hundreds of dunmer are here, merchants, thieves, along with bull netch crime bosses with servitor heads attached on so they can communicate. Encampments of khajiit shushing scamps away.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Ald Sotha Below

Marketplace 44. Now.

Whirling School Prefect Approved

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Impressive.

PIC 2: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

On Jubal and Hir, passing by merchant stands: pottery, silks, lewd sculptures, jewelry-constructs scavenged from the surface.

HLAALU HIR

"The groom shall not condescend."

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

What? I wasn't. I've just never **been** here.

HLAALU HIR

Me, neither. Outpost of my family's holdings, off the books. But if you're going through with this—

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Do the Digitals know?

PAGE 15

PIC 1: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

All the merchants have ducked behind their stands. A large ghostly finger points towards Jubal and Hir, coming from outside the panel itself and **into** it.

HLAALU HIR

Naturally. **Speaking** of which.

DIGITAL FINGER 1

REGISTERED BY C0DA.

PIC 2: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

Pull back. Two fingers invade the panel now, accusatory, pointing at Jubal. The throngs of the marketplace are either bowing or fleeing the scene.

HLAALU HIR

Just act casual.

DIGITAL FINGER 2

JUBAL-LUN-SUL OF HOUSE SUL.

HLAALU HIR

If they start playing instruments, don't worry. They love **music.** Even if it **sounds different** to you than it does to—

DIGITAL FINGER 1

I STARE WITH EACH NEW WINDOW. STRIDE-HEAT OF THE MARKET. THIS IS GOD'S CITY, DIFFERENT FROM OTHERS.

PIC 3: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

Jubal moves forward, towards the fingers, moving through the throngs that have prostrated themselves.

HLAALU HIR

…and sometimes they just get things **out of order.**

PAGE 16

PIC 1: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

Hir isn't getting closer. A harsh golden glow begins to overtake the left side of the panel. Jubal takes no notice. Instead, he points towards us.

DIGITAL FINGER 1

WE DO NOT SING TO YOU, SON HLAALU. **WE SING TO HIM.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Okay, then, but just keep it down. You're scaring all of them. You're really **noisy.**

PIC 2: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

The golden glow is brighter and Jubal closer. Hir cups his hands over his mouth, trying to get his friend's attention.

DIGITAL FINGER 1

THE GROOM SHALL NOT CONDESCEND.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

He's not. He's **shopping.**

HLAALU HIR

Um, Jubal. Eyes **sideways.**

DIGITAL FINGER 2

ALL LANGUAGE IS BASED ON MEAT. DO NOT LET THE SOPHISTS FOOL YOU.

PIC 3: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

The golden glow is only brighter. Jubal holds his hands out and to the side, indicating the rest of the marketplace and its people.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I **know** my scripture, spooky finger ghosts. Move along now and let these people do their **thing** here. It's a marketplace, for God's sake.

HLAALU HIR

I'm **serious,** Jubal. They're not scared of the Digitals. They're—

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Now shush, all of you! There's no need to bow or prostrate yourselves. There are no **castes** here! At least not today.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Get up! All of you! I'm just looking to buy a **weapon!**

PAGE 17

PIC 1: FULL PAGE SPLASH.

Vivec in all his glory, inside a golden sun. His body is half-blue and half-gold, his head is set aflame. In one hand he carries Muatra, his spear. In the other he carries a small shield made of bug-shell. He floats in mid-air in the lotus position.

Artist's note: *outside of the above details, feel free to add your own. We're staring at a god here. Nothing you add necessarily has to make sense.*

VIVEC

Maybe I can help.

PAGE 18

PIC 1: EXT. VELOTH - DAY

A bright, blue day full of sunshine. There's a volcano in the distance, dormant. A small chimeri boy-child of golden skin looks that way, his hand on the head of a sleeping nix-hound.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Veloth. Tamriel. Nirn. Starry Heart.

TEM designate: MORROWIND (0).

Era Erased.

Whirling School Prefect Approved

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

At this point, I should probably explain who that was.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O. - CONT'D)

He was a child of my people back on our old planet. A special child. He saw things differently than most.

PIC 2: INT. RED MOUNTAIN

The boy Vivec and three friends, two more boys and a girl, all golden-skinned, are sneaking through one of the volcano's cavernous tunnels. Lava in places. Of course. They're kids. They don't care.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

His name was **Vivec.** He and some of his friends found a special **cave.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O. - CONT'D)

His friends' names were Sotha Sil, Almalexia, and Nerevar.

PIC 3: EXT. VELOTH - DAY

The boy Vivec has broken apart what looks to be a heart-shaped stone. He's giving portions of it to the others, whose skins are taking on a blue hue. They seem more afraid of this than he is.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

Inside that cave, they found a **special stone** and that gave them **powers.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O. - CONT'D)

Then they returned to their respective houses. They thought they could **hide** what they found.

PIC 4: EXT. VELOTH - DAY

Ridiculous picture of the boy Vivec holding his portion of the stone above his head as he grows into the size of a giant! He has now become half gold, half blue.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

Well, his friends **did.** But Vivec knew his country was plagued by **demons.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

So he—

VIVEC (FONT STUPIDLY BIG)

GIANT-FORM VIVEC!

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

—well, he used his powers to **chase** the demons away.

PAGE 19

PIC 1: EXT. VELOTH - MOURNHOLD - THE DOCKS - DAY

A gray, dusty day full of falling ashes. A teenage Vivec, golden if he wasn't so dirty, homeless, fierce, huddles with others of his kind next to the docks.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Veloth. Tamriel. Nirn. Starry Heart.

TEM designate: MORROWIND (1).

Era Erased.

Whirling School Prefect Approved

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

The real problem is which story really does him justice. Especially when they **all** do.

PIC 2: EXT. VELOTH - MOURNHOLD - DAY

Vivec and the others look up as soldiers of House Indoril march by, golden masks on, feathered plumes, kicking up more dust.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

Vivec was the leader of a teenage gang of gutter-snipes.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

They'd do almost anything for money. Kill, steal, whore themselves out. They were catamites with a grudge and a skill set to **focus** it.

PIC 3: EXT. VELOTH - MOURNHOLD - DAY

One of the soldiers, bearing a badge of rank, looks down at Vivec and cocks his head. We can see they're talking. We can also tell that Vivec is almost close to spitting onto the soldier's mask.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

Then one day, Vivec spoke to a soldier that saw something **inside him.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

Something **special.** This soldier called himself Nerevar, of House Indoril. (They're not around anymore. This is an **old** story.)

PIC 4: EXT. VELOTH - MOURNHOLD - DAY

An older Vivec, now dressed as a soldier himself, but no helmet. Instead he sports a mohawk and, holding a spear that he's cobbled together, faces down an approaching army of ash monsters.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

House Indoril was collecting an army to **chase** the demons out of their lands.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

Vivec became one of their **generals,** but still refused to take their House name. He fought so well that eventually he became a **god,** so no one thought it wise to mention the above might be an **insult.**

PAGE 20

PIC 1: TOMORROWIND – PULSE PLAZA - MORNING

Large pic of people running around in a crowded chaos in the Neo-Victorian Tomorrowind version of Times Square. More than half of the people have TELEVISION SETS for heads, and these are chasing the others. The TELEVISION SET HEADS are only unified in their strange, replaced heads; otherwise, they are people from all walks of life: businessmer, construction workers, tourists of all stripes and races, vagrants.

The speaking TELEVISION SET HEADS are spaced around the panel, each one chasing an uninfected CITIZEN. Their SPEECH BALLOONS are static-laden and jagged at the edges.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Veloth. Tamriel. Nirn. Starry Heart.

TEM designate: TOMORROWIND.

Era Erased.

Whirling School Prefect Approved

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

But let's just go with my favorite. Every kid born in the Velothiid knows this version. I mean, it's free on **dreamsleeve streaming.**

TELEVISION SET HEAD ONE

WATCH.

(beat)

ME.

CITIZEN ONE

GAAAAHHH!

TELEVISION SET HEAD TWO

WIDEST. SELECTION. LOWEST. PRICES. BEST. QUALITY.

TELEVISION SET HEAD THREE

FOLLOWING. THE. **BREAK.**

CITIZEN TWO

SOMEBODY **HELP** ME!

CITIZEN THREE

GET OUT OF MY **WAAAAY!**

TELEVISION SET HEAD FOUR

COMING. UP. **NEXT!**

PIC 2: CLOSER near the edge of Pulse Plaza, **Alandro Sul** (see art ref) is running from a TELEVISION SET HEAD. Alandro has a camera around his neck and a signal watch around his left wrist, the source of the SOUND FX.

TELEVISION SET HEAD

LIQUIDATION!

ALANDRO SUL

ALANDRO SUL TO THE **BIG V!** COME IN COME IN COME IN!

SOUND FX: ZZT ZZT ZZT.

PIC 3: Alandro ducks into a nearby alleyway, the TELEVISION SET HEAD close behind. A frightened skooma-junky in the foreground notices them both approaching.

ALANDRO SUL

START RUNNING, BUDDY!

TELEVISION SET HEAD

EVERYTHING.

SOUND FX: ZZT ZZT ZZT.

PAGE 21

PIC 1: The junky is too slow. The TELEVISION SET HEAD grabs him as Alandro turns around raising his camera for a shot. The TELEVISION SET HEAD forces the junky to look into its screen-face.

TELEVISION SET HEAD

EVERYTHING. MUST.

SOUND FX: ZZT ZZT ZZT.

PIC 2: POV of Alandro's camera, as the junky's head turns into a television.

TELEVISION SET HEAD

EVERYTHING. MUST. GO.

SOUND FX: SNAP!

SOUND FX: ZZT ZZT ZZT.

PIC 3: POV of Alandro's camera, as the TWO TELEVISION SET HEADS stalk towards him— each speaking together, their SPEECH BALLOONS tangled.

TELEVISION SET HEADS

THAT. **TINGLE.** TELLS. YOU. IT'S. **WORKING.**

SOUND FX: SNAP!

SOUND FX: ZZT ZZT ZZT.

PIC 4: Alandro lowering his camera, eyes wide.

ALANDRO SUL

AWW, NUTS.

TELEVISION SET HEADS

SWEEPING. THE. **NATION.**

SOUND FX: ZZT ZZT ZZT.

PAGE 22

PIC 1: In a blur, the two TELEVISION SET HEADS are entangled in metal pipes from the alleyway walls. Vivec hovers between them, smiling down at Alandro. Dust settles to the ground.

VIVEC

AREN'T YOU GETTING A LITTLE **OLD** FOR THIS, ALI?

ALANDRO SUL

V! THANK **GOD!** WHAT'S GOING ON?

VIVEC

SOMETHING **STRANGE,** THAT'S FOR SURE. APOLOGIES FOR THE DELAY, OLD PAL, BUT YOU CAN TURN YOUR **SIGNAL WATCH** OFF NOW.

SOUND FX: ZZT ZZT ZZT

PIC 2: On Vivec, who's turned around, looking out the alley, his eyes glowing with his APOTHEOVISION. Alandro sheepishly clicks his signal watch off.

VIVEC

I WOULD'VE BEEN HERE SOONER, BUT THE **MIMEODEMIC** HAS SPREAD ALL THE WAY—

(concentrating with his hyper-sight)

—WELL, LOOKS LIKE ALL THE WAY TO **MIDTOWN** NOW.

ALANDRO SUL

TWO WEEKS UNTIL I RETIRE FROM THE **NEGAZETTE** AND **THIS** COMES UP?

PIC 3: Vivec and Alandro, the former still in concentration.

VIVEC (via mind-link)

LEXIE? HOW'S THE **POLYPORTAL?**

ALMALEXIA (via mind-link)

READY WHEN YOU ARE, **VIVEC!**

PIC 4: Vivec, floating, turns to Alandro, smiling, holding out a Muatra for his friend to hold on to.

VIVEC

ALI, WHAT SAY YOU GO INTO RETIREMENT WITH **STYLE?**

PAGE 23

PIC 1: Vivec and Alandro in the alley.

ALANDRO SUL

DON'T GET ANGRY, V, BUT MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL, YOU KNOW—

PIC 2: Vivec and Alandro, taking flight.

VIVEC

NEREVAR?

ALANDRO SUL

DUH.

PIC 3: Vivec and Alandro, flying higher.

VIVEC

HA. WHICH **ONE? GET READY. WE'RE HIGH ENOUGH TO DIVE IN.**

PAGES 24-25

DOUBLE PAGE SPLASH: Low angle looking up, as the five members of the Pseudo-6th-House (VIVEC, ALMALEXIA, SOTHA SIL, MOLAG BAL, and the UR) and Alandro Sul descend in a stable freefall through a monstrous white-hot interdimensional "tunnel" made out of **liquid video.**

The walls of this tunnel look like waterfalls of elongated, gelatinous television screens, alien news channels, monster-filled sitcoms, and mercurial infomercials all stretching past at terminal velocity.

Alandro looks quite terrified. He's being held stable by his best pal, Vivec.

Most of the super-people all look like they are having fun: Vivec is grinning, the Ur and Molag Bal are cracking jokes. Sotha Sil and Almalexia look stalwart and determined, but otherwise remain unshaken as they fall. This kind of stuff is completely normal to them.

SOTHA SIL

Everyone remember your **pop-up blockers!** Have your **info-virals protex** engaged! Lock and load! **Almalexia** will help us maintain physical and mental coherency!

ALMALEXIA

We're freefalling in pure **television foam,** team! Ten seconds until the **LZ** and don't waste **one** of them looking around or you risk pleasure-center infection!

ALANDRO SUL

HEY, V! IS IT TOO LATE TO CHANGE MY MIND?!?

VIVEC

YOU'RE ABOUT TO DOCUMENT THE **PSEUDO-6TH-HOUSE** PREVENTING EARTH'S INVASION BY **THE INTELLECTIVE'S** OWN **VIDEOVERSE!** TOUGHEN UP!

(beat)

HOW'S THE LZ, **SIL?**

ALANDRO SUL

THE INTELLECTIVE?!?

SOTHA SIL

ALMALEXIA AND I ARE STABILIZING A **POCKET REAL,** BROTHER! WE'LL HIT **EARTH-TYPE GROUND!** WE'RE ALSO WORKING ON GETTING THAT TINGLE OUT OF EVERYONE'S HEAD VIA OUR HYPER-AMYGDALAS!

MOLAG BAL

DAGOTH UR, QUIT STARING INTO THE **SALES FOAM!**

THE UR

BUT EVERYTHING'S ONLY **$19.95!**

MOLAG BAL

HEH.

THE UR

"MY GOD, IT'S FULL OF COMMERCIALS!"

MOLAG BAL

HA HA.

PAGE 26

PIC 1: Large panel of the liquid video tunnel, ON VIVEC AND ALANDRO SUL. The UR can be seen in the background.

ALANDRO SUL

BUT WHO'S WATCHING THE CITY, V?

VIVEC

DON'T WORRY ABOUT TOMORROWIND, ALI, I CALLED IN THE **NTH-GEN BOTTLEBOT RESERVES** TO KEEP THE CITIZENS FROM HURTING EACH OTHER. IT'S ONLY **THE INTELLECTIVE.** RELAX AND ENJOY THIS.

(beat)

AND, AS ALWAYS, TRY **NOT** TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THE **UR** WHEN HE'S STARING RIGHT AT YOU, OKAY, PAL? WE HAVE ENOUGH ON OUR HANDS WITHOUT HIS **SHARMAT** SHOWING UP, TOO. LEXIE, **SITREP!**

PIC 2: Almalexia, her eyes inky with some kind of negative energy.

ALMALEXIA

FOUR MORE SECONDS TO **LANDFALL!** PREPARE FOR A BIT OF DISTORTION AS THE **LIQUID VIDEO** SPLASHES UP ON ARRIVAL! I'LL USE MY **INCONGRUITECH** TO SYNTHESIZE THE **WORST** OF THE A/V INTO OUR **OLFACTORY SENSES!**

PIC 3: On Molag Bal and the Ur, Sotha Sil sliding through the SALESFOAM in the background.

MOLAG BAL

SNIFF. SO NOW I'M **SMELLING** PRODUCT PLACEMENT. CUTE, LEXIE.

PAGE 27

PIC 1: The team, falling through the salesfoam.

THE UR

WAIT, WE'VE GOT INCOMING!

SOTHA SIL

THE UR IS **RIGHT!** THE INFO-FOAM IS READING ALMALEXIA'S MANIPULATION AND FORMING **COUNTER-RESPONSE SEX-AGGRESSION BREAKBEAT HORNET-SHAPED HOMING MISSILES** OUT OF COUNTLESS GANGSTA RAP MUSIC VIDEOS! THIS MIGHT GET **UGLY!**

PIC 2: Vivec, still holding Alandro, addressing the rest of the team.

VIVEC

NO LOSER TALK! WE'VE STOPPED THALMOR SUPER-SCIENTISTS, HIST PSYCHOPATHS, TAL(OS) MASTERMINDS, AND GIANT **PLANET-BREATHING** DEMONS, PEOPLE! DON'T TELL ME WE CAN'T FIND A WAY TO **BEAT UP TELEVISION!**

PAGES 28-29

DOUBLE PAGE SPLASH with INSETS

MAIN PIC: The double page splash is a giant pic of THE INTELLECTIVE (see Art Ref), bionic despot of a parallel reality. His "body" is in two halves: the massive bone-white jelly-mass of his GIGANTIC BRAIN-HEAD being lowered into a hundred-legged servo-walker. His bloated "face" splits into a perpetually maniacal grin, his eyes held open by hooks and wires to survey the cosmic channel surfing that is his home.

There are several insets on the page, set in the liquid video landscape around The Intellective. Each inset is a gel screen, and each screen tuned to a different, hideous entertainment.

*Arrange the insets as you want; these pages are **supposed** to be disorienting. I mean, we are inside an alternate dimension ruled over by a brain-monster from the future.*

INSET PANEL (GEL SCREEN): Angelic rock stars ride their guitars past a glass tower of disgruntled office workers.

INSET PANEL (GEL SCREEN): A manager screams: "What are you people **staring** at? **Get back to work!**"

INSET PANEL (GEL SCREEN): A rock star retorts from atop his floating guitar: "Get back to work? **GET BACK TO ROCK!**"

INSET PANEL (GEL SCREEN): A small fly on stage doing a standup comedian routine to an audience of spiders, a story covered by **Sardy Sardukar,** reporter of the Nth-Gen-Bottlebotley Beat.

Fly: "[Open MANDALA (PEJORATIVE ACCESS), SPIDER EQUIVALENT (INSERT INTO UNCOMFORTABLE SEXIST JOKE) key wording/auto-COMEDY strategy/HUMOR VS. HUNGER]"

INSET PANEL (GEL SCREEN): Spider audience, asking the same thing: "Eat or Enjoy or Eat or Enjoy?"

INSET PANEL (GEL SCREEN): A line of golden-skinned sex-assassins, eyes flashing with blue-screen light. A scrolling video blurb floats beneath them: **"TANTRICKSTER SEX ASSASSINS ALL ASK HOW MEGA IS YOUR MOJO IN MYFACE!!!"**

*A creeper shot of **Arkicide Demonicus, Daedric Fresh Printz of Bad Press** looks both **Sardy** above and **Vivec** below, cuz 2 eyes suddenly.*

INSET PANEL (GEL SCREEN): Vivec, CLOSE UP.

VIVEC

(on gel screen)

ZERO METHOD ZERO, PEOPLE! THE **LAST TIME** WE LET **YAGRUM BAGARN THE INTELLECTIVE** SLIP INTO OUR UNIVERSE, HE TRIED TO UPGRADE EVERYONE INTO ONE OF HIS OWN GIGANTIC **METADELUSIONS!**

Back in the main spread, serpentine Tsaesci in lab coats and goggles oversee the upgrade of The Intellective, their lord and master.

INSET PANEL (GEL SCREEN): Almalexia, CLOSE UP.

ALMALEXIA

(on gel screen)

AKAVIRI MODEL CONCEPT-AUTHORING. **FIGURES.**

Tsaesci 1: "You like?"

Tsaesci 2: "You like?"

Tsaesci 3: "You like?"

Tsaesci 4: "You like?"

Tsaesci 5: "You like?"

THE INTELLECTIVE

Oh, **I** don't know. Can't you JUST make it all more **new?**

PAGE 30

PIC 1: Vivec CLOSE UP, separate gel screen than above, but same shot.

VIVEC

(on gel screen)

THIS TIME AROUND, HE'S GOING FOR CONSUMER CULTURE AT THE **CELLULAR** LEVEL, WHICH IS ALMOST AS **BAD!**

ALANDRO SUL

HE'S MAKING ANOTHER NUMIDIUM?!?

PIC 2: Vivec and Alandro.

VIVEC

WORSE, BUDDY. THEY'RE BUYING IT.

PIC 3: Jubal in his study.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

Needless to say, we did. We bought the whole shebang. Then **time** stopped making sense. **Tomorrowind** became that rotoscope deal you might fondly remember. And we ended up **living on the moon.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O. - CONT'D)

Rather, **inside it.** But I've found a way out. Alandro Sul was my ancestor. The escape route. I have the same confidence he did. It's in my **blood.**

PAGE 31

PIC 1: FULL PAGE SPLASH, character poses reminiscent of Page 10.

THE PSEUDO-6th-HOUSE VERSUS THE NUMIDIUM IN THE INTELLECTIVE'S VIDEOVERSE, as photographed and documented by Alandro Sul.

ALANDRO SUL (V.O.)

OKAY, SO IT WAS WEIRD. BUT THEN, SO WAS EVERYTHING WHEN YOU WERE VIVEC'S BEST BUDDY. IN THE FORTY SOME ODD YEARS THAT I HAD KNOWN HIM, I COULDN'T TELL YOU THE NUMBER OF DIFFERENT SPECIES OF WEIRD I'VE SEEN. YOU NAME IT, AND SOME VILLAIN HAD PROBABLY TRIED IT, WORN IT, USED IT, ATE IT, SUBJECTED THEMSELVES OR THE WHOLE WORLD TO IT. AND VIVEC ALWAYS PUT THE WEIRDNESS DOWN. ALWAYS.

HELL, I REMEMBER SEEING THE NEWSREELS OF HIM OVER TEARING STUFF UP IN ATMORA WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY, OVER AT THE WHIRLING SCHOOL THEATER. THEY'VE SHUT IT DOWN NOW. ONLY HAD ONE SCREEN.

A BIG ONE, BIGGER THAN GOD'S FACE IT SEEMED, BUT ONLY ONE SCREEN. THE MULTIPLEXES HAVE TAKEN THOSE KINDS OF THEATERS OVER THESE DAYS. LOOKING AT THE PSEUDO-6TH-HOUSE FIGHT THE ANU-MINIONS OF THE INTELLECTIVE'S ALIENTERTAINMENT, WHERE EVERYTHING WAS A WASH OF MEDIA BLITZ AND NEWS BITES AND VIDEOGAME DYE ALL COME TO LIFE… WELL, I GUESS YOU CAN SEE WHERE I'M GOING WITH THIS. ANYHOW.

ANYHOW, I RETIRE IN TWO WEEKS, HAVING BEEN A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE TOMORROWIND GAZETTE FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS. I STILL REMEMBER MY FIRST PICTURE OF VIVEC, SAVING A NETCH-ZEPPELIN FROM CRASHING INTO THE PNEUMATIC TUBES ABOVE PULSE PLAZA.

IT'S NOT THAT HARD TO REMEMBER, THAT IMAGE. IT'S STILL USED IN THE MAGAZINES WHENEVER THEY DO A NEW BIOPIC OF THE BIG V. YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN IT. WHO HASN'T?

PAGE 32

PIC 1: FULL PAGE SPLASH with insets, character poses reminiscent of Pages 10 and 23.

THE PSEUDO-6th-HOUSE VERSUS THE NUMIDIUM ON TOP OF THE CONTINENT OF TAMRIEL, as photographed and documented by Alandro Sul.

Inset 1: On Molag Bal

MOLAG BAL

VIVEC, THE DWEMERI DEVICE, IT'S—

Inset 2: On Vivec

VIVEC

I SEE IT, BAL! EVERYONE, GO **GIANT-FORM!**

ALANDRO SUL (V.O.)

WHAT'S THE WORD? SEMINAL? YEAH. **SEMINAL** PICTURE, THAT ONE.

THEY'RE GONNA WIN THIS FIGHT. THEY'RE GONNA TAKE IT STRAIGHT TO THE INTELLECTIVE'S BIG OL' ROBOT AND SOMEHOW **PUNCH EVERYTHING BACK TO NORMAL. ALMALEXIA** WILL TALK HER CRAZY TALK TO WHATEVER CONNECTION THE BAD GUY HAS TO **OUR** UNIVERSE AND IT'LL ALL FALL APART LIKE STRANDS AND EVERYONE ON **NIRN** WON'T HAVE TELEVISIONS FOR HEADS ANYMORE. MAYBE **RIGHT** BEFORE THAT, SOME TRICK OF THE INTELLECTIVE WILL SEEM TO TURN THE TIDE, LIKE, I DUNNO, A WHOLE **CORPRUS ARMY** OF **HIST** WILL FLOOD OUT OF THE SALESFOAM, BUT **THE UR** WILL SPLIT HIMSELF INTO A CASCADE OF DIFFERENT HERE AND NOWS AND TAKE CARE OF EVERY ONE OF THEM JUST AS **SOTHA SIL** STABILIZES THE SCENE WITH A WORD IN A LANGUAGE THAT DOESN'T EXIST YET, **BECAUSE HE DOES STUFF LIKE THAT.**

THEY'RE OUR **SUPER-PEOPLE.** THEY **ALL** DO STUFF LIKE THAT. THE **IMPOSSIBLE.** THEY TAKE WHATEVER WEIRDNESS THAT THREATENS OUR WORLD, WHATEVER THE SCALE, AND SMACK IT BACK INTO SHAPE BY USING WHATEVER IMPOSSIBLE MEANS THEY HAVE INSIDE THEM. AND YOU KNOW WHY I'M SO CONFIDENT?

BECAUSE I CAN'T IMAGINE A WORLD WHERE THEIR KIND OF IMPOSSIBLE… **ISN'T.**

PAGE 33

PIC 1: EXT. ALD SOTHA MARKETPLACE 44 - "DAY"

Back at the marketplace. Jubal has finally noticed Vivec's appearance and he, like most everyone else, is taken aback. He doesn't bow. He's just shocked.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Ald Sotha Below

Marketplace 44. Now.

Whirling School Prefect Approved

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I'm…not supposed to **see** you yet.

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - EAST OBSERVATORY

A golden glow subsides as Jubal and Vivec are now in House Sul's tea room.

They face one another in the same positions as they were at in the market. Jubal's no longer shocked, however, he's slightly perturbed.

VIVEC

Is this better?

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

No!

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

You just teleported both of us away from the marketplace in plain view. People will **talk.**

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - EAST OBSERVATORY

Vivec stands. No more floating lotus position. His spear and shield are likewise removed. Jubal has turned from him, dealing with some internal conflict.

VIVEC

I was only trying to **help** you.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

You're not hearing me. They'll think I'm **cheating.**

VIVEC

I heard **you.** Did you hear **me?**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

…

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Yes. But not in the way I think you **mean.**

PIC 4: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - EAST OBSERVATORY

Vivec vanishes in a star of golden light. Jubal looks over his shoulder, frowning.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

You "spoke of this in a previous life"—

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

—oh, sure. Just up and **vanish.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Sometimes? Sometimes, I think you've forgotten all the things you've **ever said.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

I'm going to **fix** that, too.

PIC 1: EXT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - "NIGHT"

Jubal stands on his terrace balcony, overlooking the city below. He's wearing his kimono again. He's had some time to think.

PIC 2: EXT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - "NIGHT"

Close and tighter on Jubal. He's determined.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Tokbox, come.

PIC 3: EXT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - "NIGHT"

The servitor appears. Its death's head visage is small comfort, but it's enough to change Jubal's expression, which is one of doubt now.

SERVITOR

HERE/ERE/ERE, MUTHSERA/ERA/ERA—

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I'm sorry, that summoning was **rude.** There are no **castes** here, either. What's your **name?**

SERVITOR

PERMISSION TO BE CONFUSED/USED/USED. DOES MODEL / MAKE / *AAD SEMBLIO SECUNDA DELA NALIHHID CARPIO SEMBLEX* / SATISFY THE HEAD OF HOUSE SUL?

SERVITOR (CONT'D)

DEAD LANGUAGE, CONTINUED MEANING, STRING-STRAND OF BOTH. MEANING REMAINS: **IT'S MY NAME.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Then of **course** it does. I need you to send a demilitarized micro-wasp missile message to Hlaalu Hir. **Priority: now.** If we still have **wax,** then use the old seal. The one with the **tusk.**

PAGE 35

PIC 1: EXT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM - "DAY"

Jubal still in his kimono, with Hlaalu Hir approaching.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Did you bring them all?

HLAALU HIR

I did. Wasn't sure if you were half in the **flin** but I did it anyway. This **cost** me a **lot.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I know. I'll pay you back.

HLAALU HIR

Sure you will. Got a flask of **sujama,** if you need it. The sugar-surgeons say it's going to take **knives.**

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM

Jubal sits at the great table, his back to the coterie of khajiiti surgeons that start filling the room.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Then it's probably a good thing I got over my fear of needles then, huh?

HLAALU HIR

Jubal. This is…um, I don't know, but it's… she's not **worth** it.

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM

Jubal has his hands outstretched on a dinner table, a few cat surgeons behind him. Their cat expressions are unreadable.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Sure, she is. **We all are.** Now **hold** my hands down. If I **fight it—**

HLAALU HIR

Fuck **that.** I told you it **cost,** and I couldn't **sell** enough of the Under to get it back. **You're doing this.**

KHAJIIT SURGEON 1

Muthsera, should it **please** you, know that we have already perforated your back, neck spine, and ears with our **own** type of missiles.

PIC 4: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - TEA ROOM

Jubal, seated, is tripping balls, and he looks up. He has moons for irises, one silver, one red.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Say again.

KHAJIIT SURGEON 2

He jests. They're not missiles, they're akin to what you call 'whiskers', only we have to throw them secretly at the patient when they're not looking. **Vabrissi,** if you **must** know.

KHAJIIT SURGEON 1

There is a proverb among my people. It goes: "Two moons, two paws, ten claws. Take but one away and you—"

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Dead language, continued meaning: cut them **both** off.

PAGE 36

PIC 1: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

*Jubal's bachelor party at the Corner Club. Its regular patrons have been shown the door. Weirder guests have arrived: gods, monsters, gods **and** monsters.*

Jubal's hands have been cut off. They are covered in bandages. He ignores the guests, and speaks to his friend.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Ald Sotha. The Corner Club. After the Operation.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I don't—

HLAALU HIR

—recognize a lot of these people? Yeah. Turned into a cosmic shindig. Who knew? You ready?

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I'm not sure. Do I look okay?

HLAALU HIR

For someone that just cut your hands off, sure.

HLAALU HIR (CONT'D)

On the day **before** you have to take your trial to prove you're worthy of this wedding. Ask me? You'll be **fine.**

PIC 1: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal and Morihaus, seated together, the latter a winged minotaur. His bull head has a nose ring.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Later.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

The nose ring. I really want to pull on that. **Instinct.** Sorry, I'm drunk.

MORIHAUS

They **all** want to pull on it. I mean, goes with the territory.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

You're the sire of the TEM, right?

MORIHAUS

'Third Empire Men', yes. The 'Thalmor Emissary Masser', no. But then again **they** no longer exist.

PIC 2: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal looks at the minotaur, giving half a smile.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Hnh. Timelines got broken. Makes it hard to put the right histories into place. In **your** version, you helped Men find their freedom, right?

MORIHAUS

No worries. **I get it.** I had an uncle had the **same trouble,** sorting out what when was when. Anyway, credit where credit's due.

MORIHAUS (CONT'D)

In all honesty, I was a just demigod with a grudge on my shoulder. That whole freedom thing? That was my **wife's idea.**

PIC 3: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal sitting at the same table across from a Hist Tree. It's wrapped itself all over its seat, its upper trunk and branches leaning down to not upset the ceiling. Tiny lizards and geckos crawl all over it.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Later.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Just a guess, Hist, but I'm betting you don't give a shit.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Okay, then listen to me. You're not the Dwemer. I can probably safely say no one knows what you are.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

But the fact that you sent a fucking **tree** to my bachelor party says you're **listening.** I won't **forget that.**

PAGE 37

PIC 1: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal and Almalexia, the Queen of the old Tribunal. She is slightly translucent but adorned in her ancient armor, tusked-mask and all.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Later.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Anyone else seeing you but me, Mercy?

ALMALEXIA

No, Son of Sul.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Good. Then what was **he** like? Your husband. Nerevar.

ALMALEXIA

Ha. Which **one?**

PIC 2: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal alone at the table as a man-sized dragon approaches. It has no legs or limbs of any kind, only small and useless wings.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

…bitch.

AKATOSH

May I sit?

PIC 3: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Akatosh has managed to coil itself around its seat. Jubal leans back, drunk off his ass.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Sit. Will sit. Didn't sit. How are you doing, **Worm?**

AKATOSH

Not well. I failed you.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

You're the god of time. You've always been on the clock. Clock's broken. Are you sure this isn't a self-imposed guilt trip?

AKATOSH

Maybe it is.

PIC 4: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal has a moment of drunken clarity. He leans forward, holding up a bandaged wrist, forgetting for a moment he has no hand to motion with.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Hold on.

AKATOSH

Excuse me?

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I'm not sure, really. But you I think you just said the **magic word.**

AKATOSH

I know. But, then, **TIME IS BROKEN. AND ONLY WE CAN MEND IT. WE WILL ERASE YOU.**

PAGE 38

PIC 1: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal and Akatosh stare each other down, as Talos approaches. The latter is more Viking than Viking. His helmet has curled goat horns that are longer than his arms. His beard has to be wrapped up in his gigantic leather belt. In either hand, he carries a flagon of mead.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (to Akatosh)

Walk away. You're drinking with the groom on your brother's dead body. Bad mojo, that, in any world. Yours is an empty threat. We're spread too far for erasure now. But you **knew** that.

AKATOSH

FOLLOWING. THE. **BREAK.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

ANIMAL PICTURE, RUDE-WALKER, GO BACK TO THE LAMP THAT STAYS LIT IN WATER AND STORE NO MORE MESSAGES OF USELESS **NOISE.** WALK AWAY. **WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS ALREADY.**

PIC 2: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

As Pic 1, only Talos is closer, smiling like Brian Blessed.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

?PROUD RESIDUE, SOON DISPERSED, SERVE NO GUARANTEES MADE IN THOSE MOVIES AND DEMAND NOTHING OF ITS UNDER-SKIN. I AM THE **GROOM. WALK AWAY.**

PIC 3: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Akatosh vanishes, leaving a greenish vapor. Talos, still holding the flagons, starts to sit.

TALOS

HO HA HO. **Good one!**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

You, too, Tiber. Get back in line.

PAGE 39

PIC 1: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Talos backs up, flagons in hand, his chest puffed out in great offense. A Nordic goddess, Kyne, approaches, with a hawk on each arm.

TALOS

Relax, moonboy, this is all just getting to your **head.** Shake the dragon and what not. That's **always** a laugh, that. But to dismiss—

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

You mistake me, TAL(OS). Beware yourself.

TALOS

Watch. Your. Tongue.

PIC 2: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal and Talos stare each other down, Kyne now close to the table, as her hawks fly off-screen.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Wrong response, Dragonborn. Faker. Half-beard. Borrower. VIRUS.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

NOW GET BACK IN LINE. If you've failed to notice, it's **not your party.**

PIC 3: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal and Kyne, with Talos backing away, frowning, still holding his flagons of mead. Priorities.

KYNE

I am the Wife of the Dragon of Time and the Mutant of Space. You, muthsera, are being most unkind to both. I blame the drink.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Stop it, Kyne. You are the mother of rain. Your banner is the Hawk.

KYNE

Wrong. I am the mother of tears. **That** kind of sadness has no banner.

PAGE 40

PIC 1: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal and Kyne, whose head has turned into a hawk.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

It should. We have them for everything else.

KYNE

Do you? Where then is the banner for **apology?**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

…

KYNE

I think you should make it. And, as a wife, I would ask you to start with the manmer you called a 'virus'.

PIC 2: INT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal and Talos seated at the table. The flagons the former held are now toppled over before him. These guys are drunk.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Later.

TALOS

Women.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

No, it's more. It's **marriage.**

TALOS

…I need more mead.

PIC 3: EXT. ALD SOTHA - CORNER CLUB - "NIGHT"

Jubal and Talos leave the party, holding each other up.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

You don't. Really, you don't. That's the half-measure we all take to deal with the very idea. **Let's just take a walk.** There's a **tunnel** nearby.

TALOS

Hmm/mm/mm. Processing/ing/ing/ing.

TALOS (CONT'D)

WHAT IS HAPPENING? I WAS THE MASTER OF THE LAST EMPIRE OF ALL MEN! I WAS THE RED JEWEL OF CONQUEST THAT MADE ALL THINGS RIGHT! WHY DID YOU CALL ME A **VIRUS?**

PAGE 41

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal and Talos, outside now, in appropriate moonscape outfits. Jubal has his breather-scarves on.

The "outfit" that Talos wears is particularly impressive: he's just turned himself into platinum.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Because, one, I'm drunk and I **see** it now. Two, because you **were** at one time. You **fed** off of it. The **mastery.** And I can't really blame you. Because the alternative?

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

The alternative means that one of us wins at the expense of the other. Just because.

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Behind Jubal and Talos. Jubal points up to the great wash of light that was Nirn.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

See there? That's where **all of us** used to **live.** But not without a price. **Dead language, old meaning: The Arena.**

TALOS

AURBIS.

PIC 3: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal and Talos continue to stare at the Wheels of Lull. Talos, though, is starting to change. The platinum is going grey. The helmet he wears is fading from view.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Correct. Now get this: all of us? In the end, we were just put there to **fight.** More like, at the **start.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

That's simplifying things on some level I don't get.

TALOS

Jubal-lun-Sul, you're **lying.**

PAGE 42

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal looks over at Talos, who has become Lorkhan (see ART REF). Lorkhan wears only a loincloth with the symbols of eyes stitched into it. His chest gapes open as a jagged hole. From it comes a harsh red glow the color of blood if blood was neon, and he has no heart. It should be plain whatever ripped out that heart did so violently.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Excuse me?

TALOS/LORKHAN

Anyone that cuts off their hands? They **already** get it. They knew they had the Arena in reach, but they decided to **refuse** it.

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

*Jubal watches Lorkhan as the latter holds out his hands to either side. The blood-red hole of his chest grows an eye. **A woman's eye.***

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Okay, you **caught** me… **Lorkhan.** It's just way too familiar and it's way too seductive. You know why? Just saying, **you've** chased that answer your **whole life.**

TALOS/LORKHAN

It was…it was the **easy way out.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Exactly.

PIC 3: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

The eye in Lorkhan's chest is replaced again by the glow of neon blood.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I should meditate now. Time's almost **up.**

TALOS/LORKHAN

And **I've** got work in the morning.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I'm sorry I called you a virus. You're not. **You're a preacher.** Good night. Give them all my **love.**

PIC 4: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal sits down to meditate. Lorkhan begins to draw a circle around him in the red dust of the moon.

TALOS/LORKHAN

You're **forgetting** something.

PAGE 43

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal meditating in the circle. Silent panel.

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal meditating in the circle. Silent panel. Larger, pulling back into the "sky".

PIC 3: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal meditating in the circle. Even larger, pulling back into the "sky", foreground now filled by the giant spiky mass of the Numidium.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Above. The Battleground.

PAGE 44

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

*Jubal looking up at the Numidium. The shattered remnants of **home** beyond it.*

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Hello.

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

As Pic 1.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I guess you know the deal. I kill you now.

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

No, really, I **do.** I'd tell you it was my plan all along, but you don't believe in those, do you?

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

PIC 3: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

As Pic 1.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Plans, I mean. But you **will.** Would you mind, you know, doing this face to face?

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Serial contrarian to the last. **Just do it.** For both our sakes. I promise no **tricks.**

PAGE 45

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal talks as the Numidium starts to shrink to a proper size.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Thank you. I **mean** that. The others got it all wrong.

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Just get **down here,** already. That's a good boy.

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal talks as the Numidium continues to shrink.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

In those others I include the ones who **made** you. The Dwemer. 'The Dwarves'. Whatever.

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Look, you don't have to respond to anything I say if you don't want to, but I already know you know that. So listen for once. Can you do that?

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

PIC 3: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal talks as the Numidium continues to shrink.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I'll take that as a yes. And I know that any kind of 'yes' makes you **do what you do,** and that only ends in disaster, so hear me out.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

I'm going to start with some scripture from **my** people—

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

PAGE 46

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal and the Numidium face-to-face.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Whoa now, **just listen.** I promised no tricks. Can I just—

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

—okay, then.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

After that, I'll **end** with some **words** of **your** people.

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

As Pic 1.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

"ACCORDING TO THE CODES OF MEPHALA, THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE THEORIST AND THE TERRORIST. EVEN THE MOST CHERISHED DESIRE DISAPPEARS IN THEIR HANDS. THIS IS **WHY** MEPHALA HAS **BLACK HANDS.** BRING BOTH OF YOURS TO EVERY ARGUMENT—"

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I **know.** Every other word makes you **angry.** Wrong word. Every **assertion** does. But just hear it out.

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

"THE ONE-HANDED KING FINDS NO REMEDY. WHEN YOU APPROACH GOD, HOWEVER, CUT BOTH OF THEM OFF. **GOD HAS NO NEED OF THEORY** AND HE IS ARMORED HEAD TO TOE IN **TERROR.**"

PIC 3: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

As Pic 1.

NUMIDIUM

…

NUMIDIUM (CONT'D)

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

It's literary and portentous. I **get** that. But the alternative? The words of **yours?** Those are **easy.**

PIC 4: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal steps out of the circle.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

"No."

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

"No."

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

"No."

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

"No."

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

"No."

PAGE 47

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal and the Numidium face-to-face.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I mean, really, you're just being a **brat.**

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Your philosophy is, for a lack of a better term, the **Entitled Teenager.** I **know** you wanted it to be something else. Something more pure, maybe, like **Never Underestimate The Little Guy.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

But that just sucks, too. It gets you **nowhere.** It got us to **this.** Everyone ran here to get away from **you.** To avoid you. Landfall, day **one.**

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

As Pic 1.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

But at some point in **time,** we all have to **grow up.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Help me with my scarves. No hands of my own and all.

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Do it.

PIC 3: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Numidium begins to unwrap the scarves, exposing Jubal's face.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Let's **face** it. **You** were made to say "fuck it". That's not an answer that **lasts.** But, hey look, a lot of us took it to **heart.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Together, your people and mine, we joined forces, and said "fuck that shit" to the men that invaded our lands.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Afterwards? Yeah, we turned on each other, like people do. But we took **you.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Because, hey, "fuck it, we won, we do what we want."

PIC 4: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Numidium and Jubal now truly face-to-face.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Then some other men invaded us. And they weren't **kidding around this time.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Guess what? The only way we got out of it was to give **you** to **them.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Because, hey, "fuck it, they won, they get to do what they want."

PAGE 48

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal walking closer to the Numidium.

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

And the **whole time?** You were the escape route. You **are** 'The Disappearance of the Dwarves'—

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Wasn't that hard to figure out. Mainly because other people did before **me.** But there was always this one unanswered question, tickling in the back brains.

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Here it comes. Jubal halts, he needs an answer.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

WHY DO YOU KEEP COMING BACK?

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Red Mountain. Alinor. Reclaiming all the tone-shouts from Atmora that they took from **YOU?**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

Stomping— to put it **kindly— all** of Hammerfell into the ocean to, I don't know, remind its people of their history. **And then you chased us here.** What is the **goddamn point?**

PIC 3: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

As Pic 2.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL(CONT'D)

I mean, really, and I'm really, really asking because no one ever has been, I think, brave enough: do you have some **kind** of **unfinished business?**

NUMIDIUM

MAYBE.

PAGE 49

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

FULL PAGE SPLASH: Jubal and the Numidium face-to-face. Jubal is pointing at the Numidium with an arm that has no hand.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Don't you **dare** do that! That's the **magic word** and we promised no tricks!

PAGE 50

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Jubal and the Numidium stare each other down.

NUMIDIUM

GREY AREA. **GREY MAYBE.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I KNEW IT!

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

YOU JUST WANTED TO WIN!

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

As Pic 1.

NUMIDIUM

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

NUMIDIUM

YES.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

…finally. Thank you. And I'm sorry.

PAGE 51

PIC 1: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

The Numidium cocks its head. Jubal almost looks sorry for it.

NUMIDIUM

?

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Don't you get it? Your people tried to run, but couldn't. My people have to run, and I needed to hear the way out.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

We're finally talking the same language.

PIC 2: EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE

Larger pic for effect. Jubal cuts the Numidium's head off with an empty speech balloon.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

(SPEECH BALLOON EMPTY)

PAGES 52-53

DOUBLE-PAGE SPLASH: LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

Jubal lies exhausted on top of the decapitated body of the Numidium. It has no spikes now. It's just a brass body with no head. Five different fingers point at the scene. Ghostly fingers. The Digitals.

TEXT UPPER LEFT

The Wheel As IS. **TEM designate: LASTFALL.**

DIGITAL FINGER 1

REGISTERED BY C0DA.

DIGITAL FINGER 2

NO MORE WHEEL. NO MORE **LULL.**

DIGITAL FINGER 3

UNION.

DIGITAL FINGER 4

THEN WE **SING.**

DIGITAL FINGER 5

YES. TONAL ARCHITECTURE SET TO THEME: LOVELETTER: WEDDING: **AMARANTH.**

PAGE 54

PIC 1: EXT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal is armored in the brass shell of the Numidium. His grey long hair is braided. He wears the crest-badge of his house. He has a hawk on one arm and a spear in the other. He is ready.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

Ald Sotha. Under-Manor of House Sul. The Wedding Day.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (V.O.)

"The fire is mine: let it consume thee,

And make a secret door at the altar of the Aurbis,

In the House of the Worm, Where we become safe,

And looked after."

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal's servitor appears, trying to take no notice of the change in clothes.

SERVITOR

GOOD MORNING, MUTHSERA. **BIG DAY.** PERMISSION TO CONGRATULATE/ATE/ATE—

The servitor EXPLODES.

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

The room is flooded with assassins from the Morag Tong. They are all masked, and carry varied weapons. All of them sport a Writ badge with Jubal's tusk drawn hastily in blood.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Come forward, House Hlaalu. You told me it would **cost.**

PAGE 55

PIC 1: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal waits as the Tong's assassins surround them. Okay, let's just call them what they are for the rest of this bit: dark elf ninjas.

Hlaalu is simply wearing his military uniform, the same one he wore when hearing about the marriage. A formality. An important one in this culture.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

The cats would cut off a Dunmer's hands for free. "You think I'm stupid, Hir?"

HLAALU HIR

No.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

So this is where all your money went. The Tong.

HLAALU HIR

Yes.

HLAALU HIR (CONT'D)

And **other** insurance policies.

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Tight on Jubal, a micro-wasp missile slowly digging its way into his forehead.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Call it off, Hir. It's **hurting** me.

HLAALU HIR (O.C.)

Me, too.

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Tight on Hlaalu Hir, three more assassins approaching behind him. Hir's expression is one of duty.

HLAALU HIR

All of this did. It's hurt from the **moment we started.** I guess from the **moment you started.** I was there the whole time.

HLAALU HIR (CONT'D)

I **told** you this wasn't **worth** it. I told you to **stop.** Want to know what hurts the **most?**

PAGE 56

PIC 1: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal pulls the micro-wasp missile from his head with ghost hands that are rendered just like the digital fingers from before.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Hold that thought.

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal throws the missile at a clustered group of the assassins, obliterating them.

SFX: BDOOM!

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal starts to run, lets his hawk fly. It vector strikes more ninjas.

SFX: SQUAAAAAWKK!

PIC 4: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal catapults over the planets of his Orrery, pouncing from one to the other, throwing his spear to kill four, ending with a throat-kick to end a fifth.

PAGE 57

PIC 1: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

FULL PAGE SPLASH: Jubal is surrounded but still takes the time to address his old friend. Killing ninjas while he's at it.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Tell me, Hir. I think I **know.** But, like you, I want to hear it from your **own mouth.** What hurt the most?

HLAALU HIR

You never told me what she said.

PAGES 58-59

DOUBLE-PAGE SPLASH: LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

Dunes of red, sugary sand leading as far as the eye can see. Jubal and Hir stare into the sky. It is a vision of apocalypse. A smaller, silver moon sits to the upper left, orbiting a shattered planet.

The planet Nirn. "Earth." Cracked open like an asteroid field still held into spherical shape by forces unknown. The right side of the planet moves from rock and fire to ghostly cosmic clockworks. The planet has a "skeleton" inside it, an interlocking system of gears and pistons and wheels, half-here, half-not, overlaid with a nebula of mathematical equations that we can't understand.

TEXT UPPER LEFT

The Wheel As WAS. **TEM designate: NIRN.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

And I'm supposed to ask it a **question?**

HLAALU HIR

Yeah, but all private-like. We'll back away. Give you some **time.**

MEMORY

HELLO. MY NAME IS MEMORY. THANK YOU FOR COMING. FEWER OF YOU DO WITH EACH PASSING YEAR. I GET LONELY.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

…why?

MEMORY

BECAUSE I'M LEAVING. DON'T TELL THE OTHERS. IF THEY HEAR I AM, THEY'LL COME IN DROVES.

MEMORY

AND I HATE GOODBYES.

PAGE 60

PIC 1: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal moves faster than we've ever seen, utterly ninja-killing the ninjas. Throat-kicking them all like a stairway, he jumps and grabs a planet from the Orrery.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

My family's name comes from the first child born in the Velothiid, Haeko-dol-Sul, and, like him, we are salt merchants.

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal throws the planet at a group of ninjas, turning them into a star of blood-red paste.

SOUND FX: THOOM!

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Our crest is the tusk of the bat-tiger.

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal is making his way closer to Hir. Digital fingers from off-screen are violently pressing the remaining ninjas into the floor.

SOUND FX: SKNCH!

SOUND FX: THKNCH!

SOUND FX: STHPLAT!

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Our bloodline is registered by C0DA.

PAGE 61

PIC 1: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal has his ghost hands around Hir's throat. Silent panel.

PIC 2: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal chokes Hir to death.

HLAALU HIR

uhk

PIC 3: INT. HOUSE SUL UNDER-MANOR - OBSERVATORY - "DAY"

Jubal leaving the room.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

Goodbye, House Hlaalu, you're **dead.** And your crest **dies** with you.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

It was **ugly,** anyway. It's **always** been the crest of **compliance.**

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

You don't **get** to know what **she said.** You would've just **bought** your way out.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL (CONT'D)

But go in peace knowing that she was **right.** Goodbyes are the **worst.**

PAGE 62

PIC 1: EXT. THE TEMPLE BELOW

Jubal is marrying the High Alma's daughter at the Under-Temple of the Velothiid. The whole of Dunmer race is present. LARGE PIC.

And it turns out, the High Alma's daughter is Vivec. As a woman. The most beautiful woman you can draw. The priest is Lorkhan, his heart-hole exposed.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

(EMPTY SPEECH BALLOON)

PIC 2: EXT. THE TEMPLE BELOW

Closer as Jubal recites his vows. We can kind of see that Lorkhan's heart is perhaps a cage of a dragon. Akatosh.

LORKHAN

(EMPTY SPEECH BALLOON)

PIC 3: EXT. THE TEMPLE BELOW

Vivec recites hers.

VIVEC

(EMPTY SPEECH BALLOON)

PAGE 63

PIC 1: EXT. THE TEMPLE BELOW

Closer. Lorkhan's heart-hole isn't a cage at all. Or maybe it is. Akatosh, Time-Dragon, First Born, begins to eat his tail.

The priest address the audience: if there are any here who would object.

LORKHAN

(EMPTY SPEECH BALLOON)

PIC 2: EXT. THE TEMPLE BELOW

None do. None would.

VIVEC

I—

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

I—

VIVEC

WE.

JUBAL-LUN-SUL

YES.

PIC 3: EXT. THE TEMPLE BELOW

The kiss.

*Lorkhan's hole is no more. It's **healed.** His heart is secure. **All things are secure.***

PAGE 64

PIC 1: FULL PAGE SPLASH. THE COSMIC ISSUE— THE FIRST OF THE NU-MEN, A BABY MADE OF FLOWERS— LOOKING TO THE READER, BUT NOT BREAKING THE FOURTH WALL. IT'S IS SIMPLY SEEING SOMETHING WE'RE NOT, SOMETHING THAT'S BEHIND US. "SCROLLING" BEHIND IT IS THE FOLLOWING TEXT.

TEXT UPPER LEFT (FONT DIFF)

~~Ald Sotha Below, 5E911~~

~~House Sul Progenitor House, duly noted under the digital house,~~

~~Whirling School Prefect Approved~~

~~Chronocule Delivery: souljewel count: 78888-00-00-00-000~~

TEXT CENTER (FONT REG)

~~My name is Jubal lun-Sul, of House Sul, whose name is known and heard throughout the Scathing Bay and the Nine times Nine Thrones. Our lord is High Alma Jaroon, of House Jaroon, whose city is the First City of the New North, where all who Went Under from Landfall settled and made peace with the Worm, when we were not Eighty and One separate peoples but One, carrying the tibrols on our backs together and cutting tunnels by the light and heat that all mer wore, with equal dust in every mouth. My family's name comes from the first child born in the Velothiid, Haeko-dol-Sul, and, like him, we are salt merchants. Our crest is the tusk of the bat tiger. Our bloodline is registered by C0DA.~~

~~The Digitals say we come from another star, but so many have forgotten. I have not, for my lineage granted me audience with Memory, and I have spoken with the Wheels of Lull. I have seen proof, as any who come Up during Landfall Season, when the winds die down enough Above that all may make pilgrimage under the banner of Vehk and Vehk. Though many Above have renounced Memory, they too remember.~~

TEXT CENTER BOTTOM (FONT DIFF)

NEW LANGUAGE, CONTINUED MEANING, STRING-STRAND OF BOTH. MEANING REMAINS: **WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF WE.**